The stream is still running past his feet as he sits, and he wiggles toes in the cool water, fascinated by the feel of the water and how it appeared to glow in the moonlight. If there are fish out here, like Orias said, Zachariah doesn't see them yet. He pulls his knees up and sits back on the rock, hugging them to his chest again, watching the waterfall.

It's cold, he realizes. He's noticed this before, but he's never really been forced to pay attention to it like this before. Heaven gets colder at night, and he's not tucked in with Michael or engaging in some activity to distract him from it.

Right now, all he has is the sight of water dancing under moonlight and the chilly breeze that makes him hug his knees closer and hope he won't have to wait too long.

"I'm sorry I'm late," Orias whispers once he lands next to Zachariah, and pauses when Zachariah holds up a hand. He points to the water and brushes at Orias' Grace, and even though it is mental his voice is quiet.

Wait, watch.

Orias does, holding his breath. He knows what's coming as he's been here before, but it awes him every time: little spots of blue light appearing as the little fish come out of hiding and dart around.

He reaches out and takes Zach's hand, pulling it out of the pointing motion and blinking when he notices how cold it is. *Did you come early?*

I came when night fell. You're late. but not even the irritation in Zach's voice can keep Orias from pulling Zach closer into a one-armed hug so they can be closer and still watch the fish. *What are you doing?*

You're cold and I'm warm so I can warm you up!

Ah, Zachariah says, and breathes in sharply when Orias spreads a wing over his neatly folded ones.

Orias hums softly, still watching the fish, even as his gaze slides back to Zach's profile. A little stern, a lot attractive...Orias likes how Zach's hair and feathers shine in the moonlight, and he likes the fascinated look in Zach's eyes even more.

He scoots a little closer and tells himself it's because he's keeping Zachariah warm.

Thank you, Zachariah murmurs. *I never realized that these were here.*

There are other pretty things in Heaven, too! I'll show you them, later?

Not tonight. I promised Michael I'd only go here tonight.

Orias smiles and looks back at the fish, accepting that. It was alright, that meant he would have more time to draw out the places he did know, and even more time to find new ones that no one had found yet.

They sat like that for an hour, and Orias' hand found its way into Zachariah's hand again, and eventually Orias yawned and let his head tip onto Zach's shoulder.

We should go back.

Okay... Orias dips a toe into the water and wiggles it, giggling as all the little fish dart into cover. He hops off the rock into the water and pulls Zachariah with him. He steadies Zach when he stumbles and grins at him.

"Thanks," Orias whispers, and kisses Zachariah, quick and light. "I'll see you tomorrow!"

And then he's off, flying for home as fast as he can, heart beating fast.

Zachariah covers his mouth and thinks *what was that* and *come back* and wonders if it's even okay to ask Michael about what happened, but no -

He should keep this to himself. He doesn't want Orias to get in trouble.

Zach slowly climbs back on the rock and waits for the fish to come back out. He doesn't want to see Michael yet, not when he keeps feeling Orias' lips and hearing Orias' voice and -

Yes, he thinks. Yes, he is glad Orias brought him here, and he wants to see him tomorrow. His heart rests easier in his chest when he admits that to himself.

It's time to go home, he tells himself, and he leaves the little blue fish at last, flying home on silent wings.